

By Keith & Rockett.

Devoted to News, Politics, Commerce, Agriculture, &c.

Three Dollars in Advance.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

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Mail Arrangements.

The Mail from Memphis arrives on Tuesday at 12 o'clock noon, and departs for Memphis at 1 o'clock the same day.

The Mail from Oxford arrives on Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, and departs Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock.

The Mail from Carrollton arrives Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, and departs on Monday morning at 5 o'clock.

The Mail from Carrollton closes on Sunday evening at 10 o'clock.

The Mail from Oxford closes on Monday evening at 10 o'clock.

The Mail from Memphis closes on Tuesday at 12 o'clock noon.

The Catalogue of Catholic Curses.

The following anathemas and curses beat every thing in their line, ever brought to light. We copy the whole from the Knoxville Register:

Not long since, Mr. William Hogan, who had been appointed to an office in the Boston Custom House was unceremoniously discharged from his place, upon the application of a large number of Irish Catholics of that city for his dismissal. This occurred just before the late election, and the reason they gave for their hostility to Mr. Hogan, was that he was a member of a Native American Association, and that they would not aid by their votes any party that would encourage Native Americanism in any manner. This was not the true cause of their enmity, however.

They had other reasons, and this will be evident from a perusal of the following horrible and profane anathemas, which was pronounced against Mr. Hogan some twenty years since, by the Pope's bishop, because he, Hogan, then a Catholic Priest, would not consent to deliver his Church property over to the control of the bishop at the command of His Holiness the Pope. We find it in the Boston Republican, of the 16th November, which was handed to us by an influential and respected citizen of this county a few days since.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF WILLIAM PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

By the authority of God Almighty the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, Mother and patroness of our Saviour, and of all the celestial virtues, Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominions, Powers, Cherubims and Seraphims, and of all the Holy Patriarchs, Prophets, and of all the Apostles and Evangelists of the Holy Innocents, who in the Holy Lamb, are found worthy to sing the new song of the Holy Martyrs and holy confessors, and of all the holy virgins, and of all the saints together, with the holy elect of God, may he, William Hogan be damned.

We excommunicate and anathematize him, and from the thresholds of the holy church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented, disposed, and be delivered over with Daemons and Agnir, and with those who say unto the Lord "depart from us, we desire none of thy ways;" and as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out forever more, unless it shall repent him, and make satisfaction, Amen.

May the Father who created man curse him! May the Son who suffered for us curse him! May the holy ghost who was given to us in Baptism curse him! May the holy cross, which Christ bore for our salvation, triumphing over his enemies ascend curse him.

May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother of God, curse him. May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls curse him! May all the Angels, Archangels, Principalities and Powers, and all the Heavenly Armies curse him! May the praiseworthy multitude of Patriarchs and Prophets curse him!

St. John the Evangelist, and St.

John the Baptist, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all other Christ's apostles together curse him!—And may the rest of his disciples, and four Evangelists, who by their preaching converted the universal world, and may the holy and wonderful company of Martyrs and Confessors, who by their holy works are found pleasing in the sight of God Almighty, curse him.

May the holy Choir of the holy Virgins who for the honor of Christ have despised the things of the world damn him. May all the Saints from the beginning of the world to everlasting ages who are found to be beloved of God, damn him!

May he be damned wherever he be, whether in the house or the stable, the garden or the field, or the highway, or in the wood or in the water, or in the church, may he be cursed in living and in dying.

May he be cursed in eating and in drinking, in being hungry in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, in slumbering in sitting in lying, in working in resting, in —, and —, and in blood letting.

May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body.

May he be carried inwardly and outwardly, may he be cursed in his brains and in his vortex—in his temples and in his forehead in his ears, in his eyebrows in his cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in his nostrils, in his teeth and in his grinders, in his lips, in his throat, in his shoulders, in his arms, in his fingers.

May he be damned in his mouth, in his breasts, in his heart and puritanism, down to the very stomach.

May he be cursed in his veins, and in his groins, in his thighs and in his genitalia, and in his knees his legs, and feet, and toe nails!

May he be cursed in all his joints, and articulations of the members, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot, may there be no soundness in him!

May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of his Majesty, curse him! And may Heaven with all the powers which move therein, rise up against him and curse and damn him, unless he repent and give satisfaction! Amen, be it so, so be it, amen.

This horrid anathema, to read which forgetting its source, is almost enough to freeze the very blood in the veins, was pronounced twenty-three years since against Mr. Hogan, by a blasphemous Roman bishop; and from that day to this, the Catholic Church in his vicinity have persecuted him with the most infernal and demoniac vehemence, it is stated. They have now, as a crowning act of their malice, succeeded in ejecting him from the service of the United States, by the threat of withholding their support from the party that should continue him in office! Who can wonder at the honest and patriotic cry which ascends from all quarters of the land, for the abolishment of such outrages; or who be surprised that the American people should be roused by such wrongs and insults, to exert themselves to exclude their authors from privileges which have been unwisely conferred upon them, as the honest of all parties are ready to admit, and which they know not how to appreciate!

It is hardly necessary to say, that the Collector of the port of Boston, is a Locofoco—he celebrated "no meat Williams."

From the American Agriculturalist.
{ Sunny Rock, in old Kaintuky,
just afore merry Christmas.

Masser Allen,—Honored Sir: I'm mighty sorry, when you says in your last No. you was't gwine to write no more about Kaintuky, for people way down sun rise, as dey calls he whar you live, can talk what 'em please about de Empire State, Sambo knows well (tho' he neter bindere) he aint nothin to dat paradise, old Kaintuky. And Masser John he say so too, and he bin down dere last winter sellin' hemp and Durham Cattle for de plantation. You keep a mity heap of peoples in your big city of New York, but doesn't old Kaintuky feed 'em. Please tell me dat, Masser Allen. I reckon we hab acave here dat'll swallow you all up like a alligator on de Massesseeppie does a swarn ob flies. And talkin about de Massesseeppie, dat is de most obnoxious place I ever did see. Wai you bin daro Mas-

ser Allen, so I say no more; only I wish de water was pigeon-pie, and not a 'sea pie, to eat instead ob drink him, for de way he did grip dis nigger's bowels, was't slow; and I'se mout as well believe I swallow a whole plantation in de nasty, rilly, horse pond stuff in gwine to New Orleans and back to old Kaintuky.

Now de pigeon pie, dat make me tink ob our 'quaintance on de road to 'Loudville, when Masser Allen tried to come it ober Sambo about de way he fat his chickens. [See Vol. 11, page 68—Ed.] I didn't know you den as I does now, or I'd telled you ezakly, and not put my finger on de nose. I doesn't write as good as some, but as it is to de boys I dress myself I hope 'em understand deir luv'in' friend Sambo; and if dey likes his talk, seein' you hab quit Kaintuky, he'll give 'em lingo now and den. Boys, dere is a mity heap yet to about what de poets call "de-Paradise ob de west," which Sambo tinks means in prose, a great country to grow big corn and cattle, rich grass, sweet taters, and milk and honey, asis here so plenty in old Kaintuky.

Wail gwine down on de Massesseeppie, most down to New Orleans, you sees big rice fields, and you sees big sugar houses. Den you sees too, alway a mity smart flock of piggins, and dey looks so fat and plump, dat dey hardly sees out ob deir pur y eyes. You needn't salt deir tails, to catch 'em, dat easy enuf dey be so fat. Oh! dey so makes my mout water, I almost mind to steal 'em. But I do no so such thing nodder; I mind de ten commandments minister to me at meetin Sunday, and let 'em alone. When I got to New Orleans I ask Masser John for four piggies to go to market arly and buy a par ob piggins; and such a breakfast I got as I neter eat afore, since I roast de pole-cat wid de possum and sweet tater. So I sot down to study how I mout make him so fat too. Wail I tink it was de sugar and de rice, he pick up on de big plantation—for I sees 'em in de crop; but dat not enuf for Sambo, I want to improve upon de fat, and so outsell ebry body else in de market. Now, Masser Allen call he Sambo, a genius, and so he be; and so I set heself to study to make de piffin a sweeter fat dan at New Orleans.

Wail I lay down barehead in de hot sun, on de hurricane deck ob de steamboat comin up de Massesseeppie, and study—den I go down and sweat afore de hot fire under de boilers, and study, den I sing de boatmen song so loud dat I drown de noise ob de blow pipe—den I dance de double shuffle, den I lay down in de sun agin; but arter all, I find out just nofin—I only make my head and shins ache. At last I gits sotired wid study, I goes to Masser John, and ask he. Deu he begins in a most uncommon hard kimik to 'splain Mr. Big lie [Sambo probably means Liebig's Chemistry, about carbon, [carbon], oxygen, [oxygen], and high gins, [hydrogen] ob de sugar; and de starch, de parents-cum-eh, [parenchyma], de gluten, de force-fat [phosphate], de me-sote [mesole], in de rice, dat I tinks at last on my own soule; I be de most cumflusticated nigger dat Mr. Big lie eber make. So I gin em up, and wont hear no more kimiks, but when I gits back to Sunny Rock and Dinah, I shuts my piggins up and let 'em fly out once a day, only for exercise, and grub and gravel. Den I gin em plenty rice biled in new milk, from Dinah's Durham cow, Big Lady, sweetened a tity bit wid honey; and for a change, baked sweet tater and mixed wid a little possum meat and fat. Oh, Masser Allen! ye neter seed any ting like how he fat in tree week de piffin, hen, and turkey, on dis feed: it be worf comin all de way to 'old Kaintuky to eat him. Masser John say it beat all ob his kimiks, to fits, and a cooked hat to boot; at which I so lauff and lay down on de floor and roll, to tink arter all his books, I show better practice dan his Masser John college larnin. dat I fear I bust my biler, and I had to call on Dinah and Tony to come and pill my hair, and kick my shin, afore can stop. Now dat is all de way I hab to fat de insidious lookin poultry, you tell of meetin Sambo wid. And now, Masser Allen you please send me your Agriculturalist dis yere for dis recipe, den you will much oblige me, and may hap I'se write some more.

Yours to sarve,
SAMBO.

ROBERT EMMET AND HIS LOVE

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day for the noble and ill-fated Emmet. A young lady stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was closely veiled & the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor why one of such proud bearing should be a suppliant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon—he led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He leaned against the prison wall, with a downcast head and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star, the maiden, who had sometimes made him think "the world was all sunshine." The clanking of the heavy chains sounded like a death-knell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting perchance, as is held in heaven, only there we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body, he spoke of by-gone days—the happy hours of childhood when his hopes were bright and glorious, and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his infancy; and should the world pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, he prayed she would still cling to him with affection, and remember him when all others should forget. Hark! the church-bell sounded, and he remembered the hour of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing the tears from his eyes, he separated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned, and their eyes met; they could not say farewell as the door swung on its heavy hinges, and they parted forever. No! not forever! Is there no heaven?

At sun-rise next morning he suffered gloriously—a martyr to his country & to liberty.

And one—o'er the myrtle showers, It leaves by soft winds fanned; She faded 'midst Italian flowers— The last of that fair band.

'Twas in the land of Italy—what a gorgeous time of sunset in Italy—what a magnificent scene! A pale, emaciated girl lay upon her bed of death. Oh! 'twas hard for her to die, far from her home in this beautiful land, where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh! no—her star is set—the brightness of her dream had faded—her heart was broken. When ties have been formed on earth—close, burning ties, what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit, than to find at last the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love is given to a passing flower! Enough; she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet, the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains—its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the lulling tones of the shepherd's lute, sound a requiem to her memory.

THE HONEST BOY.—A gentleman from the country placed his son with a dry goods merchant in— street. For a time all went on well.

At length a lady came to the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited upon her.—The price demanded was agreed to and he proceeded to fold the goods. He discovered, before he had finished, a flaw in the silk and pointing it out to the lady, said: "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you here is a fracture in the silk."

Of course she did not take it.

The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home; "for" said he, "he will never make a merchant."

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved, and hastened to be informed of his deficiencies.

Why will not he make a merchant? asked he.

"Because he has no tact," was the answer.—Only a day or two ago, he told a lady voluntarily, who was buy-

ing silk of him, that the goods were damaged; and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws it would be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all his faults?" asked the parent.

"Yes," answered the merchant; "he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever, and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him another day in your store for the world."

LIFE'S GOLDEN PERIODS.

I envy not the men who can look on the open countenance of the true-hearted boy, or the fair and delicate face of girlhood, with those pensive eyes and long golden hair, and not call to mind his own by-gone years, nor seek to read for those untold spirits what is written for them in the book of life.

Were I to try to feel like him, I should not succeed; for I regard the young with an intense sympathy. Remembering most vividly, as I do, when I was one of them, and recollecting the upward feeling wherewith I used to regard the full grown, I cannot help now shaping my thoughts downwards, and becoming one with them again. It may be, that we do not give in this world sufficient individuality to each with whom we mix. The selfish feeling of making the world one thing, and ourselves the other, closes up the heart against all the gentler sympathies; and the apprehension of childishness, and its imputation to us, prevents our entering into their little feelings, and giving them their due weight and importance.

Yet who remembers not the days of his childhood? What traveller, even in the midst of toilsome and busy years when manhood had hardened his heart, and disappointment taught him to rejoice no more on earth, did not turn his eye backward to his father's manly welcome, the tender reception from his mother, his young sister's proud trusting in him, and his happy home, whither no care nor sorrow could pursue him—the family hearth was a sanctuary, and there he was safe.

The innocence of childhood, consisting, as it does, in the ignorance of evil is for me the one charm which makes it so like what I dream of heaven. Alas! how often, when I gazed on the fair hair of the young, and eyes that looked on evil, have I in my heart shed tears that such whiteness of soul was no longer my own—bitter tears of repentance, but ineffectual ones likewise, for they were the lament of what had long since departed. The fruit had been tasted, and the paradise of primeval harmlessness wandered from forever.

N. G.

On Bad Company.

The learned and pious Sir Matthew Hale, when a youth, was addicted to the society of some vicious people, which he did not break off till an alarming accident broke him from it. Being invited with some other young students to a merry making out of town, one of them during the carouse called for so much wine that, notwithstanding all Mr. Hale could do to prevent it, he went on in his excess till he fell down as dead, before them. All present were not a little terrified, and did all they could to bring him to his senses again. This particularly affected Mr. Hale, who went in another room, and shutting the door, fell on his knees and prayed earnestly to God for himself & his friend, that he might be forgiven for having countenanced such excess. Moreover, he vowed to God that he would never again keep bad company in that manner, nor drink another health while he lived. His friend recovered, and Mr. Hale religiously observed his vow till his dying day.—It was this great man's resolution drawn up by him in writing for his own private use, with regard to company (among other articles of conduct) to do good to them, to use God's name reverently while with them, to beware of leaving an ill example among them, to receive good from them if they were more knowing than himself.—Neal's Gaz.

New fashion of Beds.—Beds are now made in France with a slope, from the head to the foot.

Cure for fistula in Horses.

Mr. Harro, in the Genessee Farmer, attests to the efficacy of the following singular method of curing the fistula:

"Procure a large warty toad, and having a thick glove or mitten on the hand, take up the toad and hold his back on the fistula for one or two minutes; take it off a short time, then put it on again, and rub its back slightly over the affected part, and continue to rub it thus for about an hour, by which time the toad will be dead, and should be buried. The horse will be rather uneasy at first, but after a few minutes he will stand quietly. Care should be taken not to hold your head too near or over the place of application, as the fumes are somewhat sickening. A milky fluid, said to be poisonous, exudes from the warts on the back of the toad, which is supposed to give efficacy to the remedy.

"The sore will discharge for three or four weeks after the operation, when the pus will come out and the place speedily heal. Very bad fistulas, of long standing, may require a second application, but in all ordinary cases one will prove sufficient.

RETURNING.—It is a peculiar sensation which comes over us as we approach a place, after a lapse of time, endeared to us by past rather than by present feelings. Shall we find even its locality the same?—Will the same minor characteristics still give us back its former identity? A tree, a hillock or a paling, some feature as trifling as these, it may be, which remains impressed upon memory, will they point out to us that it is the same place we formerly loved?—Will the same house-dog bark at the sound of our footsteps? Shall we hear the fierce bound with which he used to dart out from his kennel, making the chain clatter which tied him to his post? And then the same obsequious whine, & ears thrown back on the recognition of a friend to testify his fidelity and fondness. Will the same soft voice of friendship greet our ears as well't the latch of the door—the start of pleasure and the thrill of love! Shall we find all the same after a long absence! Let the heart which has been wrung with disappointment answer these and a thousand other questions which it suggests on a return to a well known but long left abode.

HOW TO CLEAN SILKS.

Take a quarter of a pound of soft soap, a teaspoonful of brandy a pint of soap; mix all well together. With a sponge or flannel spread the mixture on each side of the silk without creasing it; wash it in two or three waters, and iron it on the wrong side; it will look as good as new.

For the Critics.—"True genius is ever indulgent. Where it can clearly behold its own kindred flame, the heart will be warmed toward it in the rising of kindred affection. Feelings allied to the parental, will form the defence for the weakness of genius, even of its infant efforts."

The Farmer of Mount Vernon. Washington was passionately fond of agriculture. Its improvement was ever with him an object of paramount regard. Virginia can boast of few sons to whom her agriculture has been more indebted; few who assisted in promoting her interest to a greater extent, or with the manifestation of a more ardent and patronizing zeal. The following account of his farming operations will serve to exhibit the father of his country (the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen) in his true light.

"The farm of General Washington, at Mount Vernon, contained ten thousand acres of land in one body, equal to fifteen square miles. It was divided into farms of convenient size, at the distance of one, two, three, four, and five miles from his mansion house. These farms he visited every day in pleasant weather, and was constantly engaged in making experiments for the improvement of agriculture. Some idea of the extent of his farming operations may be formed from the following facts. In 1787, he had five hundred acres in grass, sowed six hundred acres of oats, seven hundred acres in wheat, and prepared as much more for corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, &c., and one hundred and fifty acres in turnips. His stock consisted in one hundred and forty horses, one hundred and twelve cows, three hundred and thirty-five working oxen, heifers, and steers, and five hundred sheep. He constantly employed two hundred and fifty hands, and kept twenty-four ploughs going during the whole year, when the earth and state of the weather would permit. In 1786, he slaughtered one hundred and fifty hogs,